

The Orangeburg News.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER, 16 1872.

NUMBER 40

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME 6.

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

PUBLISHED AT
ORANGEBURG
Every Saturday Morning.

ORANGEBURG NEWS COMPANY

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Copy for one year, \$2.00
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Autumn Leaves.

Oh, Autumn Leaves!
My spirit grieves
That you soon should fade,
The beauty bright
That charms our sight
On the earth's cold breast be laid.

Oh, leaves so fair!
Your colors rare
A sweeter memory bring,
Than all the flowers
Of summer hours,
Or all the buds of Spring.

Your haughty pride
Could not abide
The Summer's changeless green,
But you must wear
Those garments rare
Like mantles of a queen.

You rob the skies
Of sunset dyes
And morning's crimson flush;
And then by day
Your trophies gay
Bedeck each tree and bush.

But by-and-by
The wrathful sky
Will lay your beauty low,
And o'er your forms
December storms
Sweep wide the drifting snow.

Then praise be still
To artist skill,
That spite of wind or storm,
Gives to our sight
In colors bright
The beauty of your forms.

[Star Spangled Banner.]

AN EXCITING INTRODUCTION.

The affectionate father of Mr. Felix Gringo had conveyed to that young gentleman the melancholy intelligence that the time allowed him for his 'whack'—a very low phrase, signifying the period he was to be permitted to run wild before marriage—was over; and poor Felix sat in his bachelor chambers, musing on his chaotic life, to use a brightly original simile, Maurius among the ruins of Carthage. The magnificent St. Bernard dog, presented to Felix only two days before, had been sent away to Mr. Gringo's niece, and his master was to follow immediately on the morrow. Jack Burgoyne, who was the only one in the secret, took the rooms and furniture just as they stood. The morning came and their former owner vanished, leaving not a trace behind. At Gringo Hall, the elderly proprietor met him joyfully.

'Come down to marry my niece, Felix, you rogue, and to accomplish the wish of mine and your father's eh? You've never seen her, but when you do, it will be all over with you my boy! Though I say it myself, she is really a lovely woman!'

'Ah,' sighed Felix, 'I'm so awfully bashful. I hope she liked my present; I sent him down in advance, to make way for myself.'

'Oh, yes,' returned Mr. Gringo, faintly, 'she was delighted. We were all delighted. In fact, I may say we were charmed. But—ahem!—don't you think the fellow a little—a little dangerous?'

'Not at all. I'm not acquainted with him, but I'm sure he's not dangerous.' Clearly the magnificent St. Bernard had become a source of anxiety already. Old Mr. Gringo's eyes looked, most unquestionably, full of trouble. 'There's no fear of hydrophobia, you think?'

Felix answered that there need be none in the world; that Carlo was a magnificent animal.

'Very magnificent, no doubt,' returned the prospective father-in-law still gloomily; 'but he certainly has a remarkably large mouth. I think he could bite about five pounds of flesh out of a person's leg at one mouthful. Perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea—merely to be on the safe side you know—for us all to wear leather pantaloons!'

Felix, of course, deprecated this notion instantly. He could not allow the bad impression, which Carlo had evidently made, to exist any longer; so he said: 'My dear sir, I am going out presently to make the dog's acquaintance myself, and you'll see how fond he will be of me. When your niece and I are married, he will be such capital company for us you know. I will lend him to you, too, sometimes, if you want him.'

But Mr. Gringo was by no means enthusiastic over this offer, since, to confess the truth, if he had one dread more than another, it was of hydrophobia. Therefore, no sooner had Felix vanished

through the doorway, in pursuance of his intention to get on friendly terms as soon as possible with the St. Bernard, than the old gentleman gave vent to his indignation.

'A rascally piece of business to bring that beast into my house,' he exclaimed. 'At the instant the marriage has come off, I'll rid myself of him, for I haven't had an hour's rest since his arrival; and then he went to seek his niece.'

Suddenly a clamor arose in the yard. Sounds of savage barking, in a voice that might have come with grace from the throat of a particularly blood thirsty tiger, mingled with the rattling of chains and frantic screams of terror, could be heard, and presently Mr. Flutter burst through the window, shattering the sash, and fell prostrate on the floor. His misfortunes had begun.

'What an escape!' he murmured breathless. Here's my new coat—ruined for ever!

It was indeed, the tails had been completely wrenched off, and now drooped from the body by a single thread.

'I'm in a nice condition to commence my courtship! Suppose I should meet Gringo's niece—what an impression would I make in this state?'

Hardly had he uttered these words, when the door opened, and a lady entered, tall, lank angular and elderly. She was in point of appearance, an absolute fright.

'My dear Mr. Flutter,' she cried advancing hastily toward him, 'you've been attacked by that dreadful dog' haven't you? I heard you cry out and hurried to your assistance. The circumstances permit me to introduce myself, and I am glad to meet you indeed.'

Poor Felix was horror struck. With both hands behind him, holding up the tails of his damaged coat, he groaned to himself.

'So this is Gringo's niece! Heaven help me, what shall I do?'

The lady continued to approach, but in his confusion he began to retreat;

'There must be no ceremony between us, you know she said smiling sweetly. So it appears indeed he answered.

Mr. Gringo says you are a delightful gentleman, and I have no doubt you are.'

'Indeed!' returned Felix. 'That must be a hint,' he thought. 'She expects me to make love the first thing.'

'We shall become very dear to each other, I am confident: in fact the closest of friends!'

'Ah—really—I hope so—ahem!' He could not think of anything to say for the life of him.

'Such an opportunity as your seldom falls to the lot of a young man.'

'That's modest, by Jove!' said the suitor to himself, growing more and more perplexed. Then, with an effort he pursued aloud:

'Ahem! very rarely, indeed! So much beauty! so many accomplishments and virtues!'

'I only trust you will lose no time!'

'Decidedly she does mean me to begin my love making at once,' he reflected. 'I fear, miss, that too much boldness a first, might undo me. Not that the—ah—charms of beauty have failed to make an impression; on the contrary, my—ah—my heart's in a state of conflagration! Yet I dare not hope for responsive warmth so soon.'

'Oh, hope for everything!' exclaimed the lady, warmly. 'I should counsel you not to be at all backward.'

'She evidently appreciates the force of her own counsel,' thought Felix, 'for hang me if ever I knew a man to be made love to in this style before! I wish I could think of something to say!'

'There's an old cry,' continued the lady. 'Go in and win.'

'What an idiot I am!—ahem—you are right, ma'am. I fancy it would be—ah—rather difficult to go out and win!'

She stared at him in astonishment. He hastened to recover himself, and floundered in the mire more deeply than ever.

'Oh, I beg pardon. I mean that, under the circumstances—considering the—mean the relative chances—the—the fact is, his voice died away, 'I don't know what I mean!'

'She began to retreat, looking at him in alarm. His face scarlet, the perspiration trickling over his nose, perfectly desperate, he followed her up rapidly.

'Excuse me, I beg. The truth is I am sometimes subject to a confusion of ideas—a sort of—a—a—you know what—this kind of thing.' He dropped his

coat-tails, and gesticulating wildly, turned round and round on one foot like a whirlingig. 'As I was saying, the mode of procedure, speaking, of course, with reference to jurisprudence—ahem!—in point of fact, a man can't marry his great grandfather!'

'He's mad!' she cried, making for the door.

'I see that you are on the track closely—whereas if it were considered trigonometrically, X plus Y would be equal to A—to—a bisected parallelogramic hypotenuse!'

'He's certainly a lunatic! I must go for Mr. Gringo.'

With a shriek, the lady fled from the room, and poor Flutter fell on the sofa exhausted.

'What have I done?' he groaned. 'Ruined myself, allowing to my accursed stupidity! Yet wouldn't it have been more stupid to have stood still and said nothing? That confounded dog, too! Well he shan't defeat me I am determined. I'll subdue him, if it cost me not only another pair of coat tails, but even a whole coat.'

He rose and went to the window. An ecstatic vision burst upon his sight. Glancing into the garden, he beheld a beautiful young lady of seventeen, ripe as the roses around her, daintily watering them. Who could it be? He would instantly find out. To attract her attention, he adopted an ingenious and highly romantic plan:

He began shouting and barking at the sarge Carlo. Still she wouldn't look up. Felix was disconcerted; but not to be conquered, he barked and snarled more furiously than ever. And yet it was ineffective. Now, if the young man had two strong points, they were perseverance and fertility of invention.

He perceived on the table beside him a silver salver, which he resolved to rattle against the window as a sort of accompaniment to his own person a canine performance in the way of vocalism. He turned to the table, and

beheld, to his astonishment, the sarge, his ugly niece and a crowd of servants, standing in the doorway, observing him attentively. But, at the instant they saw his movement, they were all taken with a visible trepidation, and precipitately fled. Felix couldn't understand it. Were they making a fool of him? Angriely he strode to the window again, and sought another sight of the beautiful tenant of the garden; but she was gone.

'Felix,' said a timid voice in his rear; 'dear Felix, come here.'

Turning in the direction of the sound, he perceived that the fugitives had reappeared. Mr. Gringo approached him cautiously.

'Poor fellow!' said the old gentleman, soothingly; 'don't excite yourself now! be calm!'

'Calm!' exclaimed Felix. 'Will you please explain the meaning of this extraordinary conduct Mr. Gringo?'

'Quiet now! be very still, Felix. While you're gentle, there'll be no danger of a fit you know. We have a painful duty to perform, but you must submit.'

'Submit! submit to what? You've been lurching!'

'Poor, poor Flutter! Little did I anticipate such a misfortune! But there's no time to lose.'

'I know what's the matter with him,' thought Felix. 'He's going to quarrel with me about my conduct to his niece. I must say something ardent to her.'

He approached the angular and long lady, and bending low, exclaimed, tenderly:

'Dear madame, your most devoted slave.'

But to his astonishment she merely smiled, and, patting him on the back, answered in a soothing tone:

'Poor Mr. Flutter! don't excite yourself now! Keep quiet!'

'What does she mean by that?' he gasped. Then, in a more ardent voice than ever, he resumed:

'Lady, I must beg your pardon on my bended knee for my absurd deportment but a few moments since. It was—ah—but the effect of a too sudden view of your superabundant charms!'

Old Mr. Gringo burst into a roar. 'Ha, ha, ha! it's painful, but it's amusing too. Superabundant charms! Ha, ha, ha!'

The niece, in no way discomposed at his singular circumstance, still kept up her expressions of kindness. 'Poor Mr. Flutter! Quiet now, quiet!'

The unfortunate object of her soliloquy grew nearly frantic with amazement.

'There's something the matter with that old woman!' he whispered to himself, shuddering. 'I wonder if Gringo keeps a demijohn?'

'Sad case! sad case!' commented Gringo, with a sorrowful gesture, observing him attentively. 'He's gentle now, but the fit will be on directly, and so we had better secure him at once.'

The servants gathered mournfully around.

'Don't be agitated, Felix,' pursued the old man, producing something from his pocket. 'We have a painful duty to perform, and you must submit. We are going to handcuff you.'

'Handcuff me? This is beyond endurance! Gringo, you've been at the demijohn, too. Pity for you—Gringo pity for you, indeed—to get intoxicated thus early in the morning, and at your time of life! And your niece so fond of me! What a lesson it will be to me!'

With this scrap of morality in his mouth, he was just sauntering off, when Gringo and the servants sprang upon him and seized his hands.

'Come, come!' cried Felix, struggling; 'no confounded nonsense! Let me go, I say. If you don't release my hands I'll bite you!'

'I knew it!' exclaimed Mr. Gringo, triumphantly, 'I knew the fit was coming on! it's always the way. Gently, now—gently!'

Felix fought with all his might. 'Release me, I command you! If you don't keep off, as heaven is above me, I'll bite you!'

'Do you hear him?' sighed the old man, compassionately. 'Poor fellow! he's raving now. It is hopeless—hopeless!'

But Felix—perfectly convinced that he had fallen into the company of lunatics—with one supreme effort broke way.

He bounded through the window, and fell plump into the garden fish pond!

He heard a shriek. It was the beautiful young lady, surprised at his abrupt appearance. Fortunately, she had good nerves, and recovering her presence of mind, she ran to his assistance, and helped him out.

'Oh, miss!' he groaned, falling on his knees, and shivering all over; 'I don't know what's the matter with the people in the house. They are all crazy. I came here half an hour ago to ask the hand, in marriage, of Mr. Gringo's beautiful niece, and my first disappointment was to find her as ugly as the Witch of Endor!'

'How, sir?' exclaimed the young lady, bridling; 'do you mean to insult me?'

'Insult you? not for worlds! I speak of Mr. Gringo's niece.'

'He has but one,' returned the young lady; 'and I am she.'

'No, you're not,' contradicted Felix, rising to his feet, absolutely desperate; 'for here comes Gringo, with his niece, at this very moment.'

Gringo and the angular lady, followed by a pack of servants, armed with pitchforks, shovels, ropes, carving-knives, and other weapons, came running breathlessly out of the house, and shouting as loud as they could bawl:

'Be careful, Rosie—he'll bite you; he has the fit on him!'

Felix could stand it no longer. He doubled his fist, and approached Mr. Gringo, menacingly.

'Sir,' said he, 'you're an old fool, and a ruffian. The manner in which you have treated me, since I've been here this morning, has been disgraceful. But your low humor shall not go one step further. I demand an explanation, or, venerable as you are, and venerable as that ugly female is, next you, whom you call your niece, I shall assault you both.'

'The ugly female' swooned in Gringo's arm. He grew purple with rage.

'Sir,' said he, 'what do you mean by calling my wife an ugly female?'

'Your wife!' gasped Felix.

'Yes, my wife.'

'Is that your wife? Oh, Lord, Lord, what will become of me? I mistook her for your niece, and went and made a fool of myself, talking love to her!'

Rosie is my niece,' continued Gringo; 'but you cannot expect to marry her now.'

'Why not?'

'Because you've got the hydrophobia!'

'What?'

'I say you've got the hydrophobia! You were bitten by that confounded dog,

and I myself heard you bark and snarl, not ten minutes afterward, at the window. Mrs. Gringo will testify that the language you addressed to her was the idiotic ravings of a lunatic!'

'Felix's temper changed. He burst into a prolonged roar of laughter.

'My dear friend,' said he, 'it is all a ridiculous mistake! Carlo didn't bite me—he only tore my coat-tails. When you heard me barking at the window, I was only teasing him—afraid to approach nearer. What a game at cross-purposes we've been at!'

The old gentlemen could scarcely realize it.

'Felix,' he faltered, 'I fear I have been a contemptible old noodle. Forgive me, and let me go somewhere and hide my face.'

'No, no; I need forgiveness, too. Let us say we will forget everything on both sides.'

Mrs. Gringo, the 'ugly female,' did not answer. Her husband, however, spoke up for her.

'I will attend to that, my dear fellow. I think, first of all, you had better come with me into the house, and change your dress. The truth is, a battered hat, a coat without any tails, muddy pantaloons, and an injured nose, are not altogether becoming. We'll talk everything over after awhile, Egad! I can scarcely stand for laughing! Ha, ha, ha! As long as you live, never forget how you commenced your courtship with my niece.'

'No,' said Felix, reflecting for the first time on the ridiculous figure he must cut before the beautiful Rosie, and edging toward the house; 'it's not likely that I ever shall; nor my exciting introduction to her.'

A Matter of Satisfaction.

Not a bad story is told at the expense of a distinguished citizen of Philadelphia. It seems that a dinner party was in progress during the recent brilliant display of northern lights and this gentleman, stepping out to cool his burning brow was startled by the display about the frosty pole. He stood perfectly amazed, then turning to the window he saw within the wife of his bosom sitting with the ladies, waiting for their liege lords to end their champagne and cigars. Pushing aside the curtains, he beckoned to Mrs. Agnes to come out.—She complied, when he said to her solemnly:

'Wagnes, d'yer see anyt'ing extronery now?'

'Yes, Dolly, I see you have been drinking too much wine.'

'No! not that, Wagnes. I mean extronery phonomons in atmosphere.'

'Why, where, Dolly?'

'Upper down, Wagnes.'

'Why, dear me!—yes, I do, indeed—the most brilliant aurora that I have ever seen.'

'Wagnes, are things shootin?'

'Yes, dear.'

'And a flashin', Wagnes?'

'Yes, Dolly.'

'And a sorter spreadin', and dancin', eh! Wagnes?'

'All that, my dear.'

'Ho! ho!' laughed the husband, much relieved. 'Do you know, Wagnes—I mean Wagnes—when I came out and saw the celestial phonomons a-glowin' upper ponder, blowed off I didn't think I was drunk.'

A sharp yankee went into a country store down east, and thus accosted the proprietor:

'Squire, do you trade?'

'Considerable,' was the reply.

'I mean, do you dicker?'

'Some; what yer got to dicker?'

'A egg.'

'What yer want for a egg?'

'Guess I'd like a darnin' needle.'

The required needle was dickered for the egg, and the yankee was going away, when he turned and said:

'Squire, do you treat?'

'Was, I don't mind if I do,' replied the store-keeper. They repaired to an adjacent tavern, and the usual bourbon was produced.

'Hold on,' said the yankee, 'my chat's weak, and I never take whiskey without an egg in it.'

The generous shop-keeper handed him the dickered egg, but without asking him for his needle again. The yankee broke the shell on the edge of the glass, when he exclaimed:

'Geerlikins! this egg's got two

ysks! Guess yer oter gin me another darnin' needle, Squire!'

'Shoot So Long As It Vaz.'

A Chicago correspondent sends the following: At a recent trial before Justice Dougherty it was thought important by counsel to determine the length of time certain '2 quarters of beef, hogs' and 1 sheep,' remained in an express wagon in front of Plaintiff's store before they were taken away by defendant.

The witness under examination was a German, whose knowledge of the English language was very limited; but he testified in a very plain, straight-forward way to having afterward carried it out and put it into the aforesaid wagon.

Then the following ensued:

Counsel—'State to the jury how long it was after you took the meat from the store and put it into the wagon before it was taken away.'

Witness—'Now I shoost cand dell dat. I dinks 'bout twelve feet. I not say